

### The Martha Washington Case--Burton's Master Stroke.

From Cincinnati we get the full particulars of the arrest of Kissane, Cummings, Holland, Amasa Chapin, Lorenzo Chapin, and Earle. The whole affair was one of the most skillfully managed and promptly executed police movements on record. It must be borne in mind that these suspected men have all the money and influence necessary to keep in their service a crowd of desperadoes ready to do their bidding; that spies are constantly on the track of Sidney C. Burton, burning to take his life at any corner; and that the officers of justice have been watched, and their movement dogged hourly for months past.

Now that the arrests are made, it may not be improper to slightly lift the veil which to the public has latterly covered this matter from common observation. Sidney C. Burton, as well as all lookers on, was deeply pained at the sudden termination of the Martha Washington trial; he had necessarily been closely identified with the case, discovering in the investigation of a business matter, strong evidence of the commission of murder and arson, and he and others knew that the abrupt termination of the trial before the United States Court had deprived the prosecution of very important testimony. There was one universal regret, that in justice to the public, and in justice to the accused, a full and complete, and satisfactory investigation had been thus prevented.

No sooner did the jury bring in their verdict than Burton was on the move; he visited one of the State Prisons, having received a curious and valuable letter from an inmate, who knew more about the burning of the boat than he had yet divulged. In the investigation of this matter the indefatigable Burton traveled the length and breadth of the Union, Canada, and some of the isles of the sea, having traveled day and night over twenty thousand miles, three hundred of these miles solitary and alone on a mule, and gaining facts connected with the burning of the Martha Washington, as startling in their nature as their disclosure was singular and unexpected. Evidence bearing upon this matter has been most wonderfully suppressed, trembling witnesses of the tragedy of that hellish plot have been found where human ingenuity could scarcely imagine, and a train of circumstances have been laid open, which, when detailed before court, will weave a tale of desperation too strange for belief. Burton received the advice of our most prominent federal authorities; members of Congress encouraged his heart and strengthened his hand; the authorities of Arkansas declared that this deed of blood committed in their territory should be brought to light, and its perpetrators punished. All being prepared, a flying visit to Arkansas, and Burton returned, awaiting the papers from the Executive of that State.—We confess to a trembling when the express package containing the requisition was delivered to Burton, and he jumped on the cars to lay the document before our Executive.—The adventure was perilous, and the least leak might explode the entire plan and involve those actively engaged in peril.

Burton's arrest for perjury a few days since was but the commencement of a series of annoyances which now are suddenly cut short, and the threats of vengeance received by every mail, and the stealthy steps which ever followed after him, have but quickened and nerved Burton in his almost superhuman efforts to bring the guilty, whoever they may be, to justice; save his own life, and restore peace to his anxious family.—[Cleve. Herald.]

Burton took Governor Medill's warrant to Cincinnati, and sheriff Higdon and officer Bruen, by their admirable skill, planned and executed the arrest of the accused as detailed in the Commercial.

Kissane, Holland, Cummings and Rufus Chapin were at the Walnut Street House.—Rufus Chapin was so sick that he could not be removed. Earle was at Wescott's shoe store on Fifth street, Amasa Chapin was at his place of business above Clayton's jewelry store on the corner of Columbia and Sycamore streets. Lorenzo Chapin was in a shoe shop on an alley between George and Seventh streets, west of Plum street. In the space of

twenty-five minutes these men were arrested, conveyed to an omnibus which was in waiting near the Ross House, hand-cuffed, and on their way to Arkansas!

While these arrests were being made, Lyman Cole was taken at Oxford, and the probability is that during the day Adam Chapin was captured in Illinois, and is also at this time on his road to Phillips county, Arkansas.

Officer Bruen is Burton's accredited agent, and has the prisoners in charge. Kissane objected to entering the omnibus, but was forced into it. Heavy irons were prepared both for the hands and feet of the parties in limbo. Only the handcuffs were used in the omnibus. To give an idea of the secrecy with which this affair was conducted, we may state that we are informed these irons were in the sheriff's office on Wednesday evening, and the deputy sheriffs notified that they were required to be on hand in the morning, but knew not for what purpose.

Nothing could have been more utterly unexpected to the Martha Washington individuals, than their arrest yesterday morning.—When told that they were prisoners in the name of the State of Arkansas, their astonishment and consternation knew no bounds. The first intimation they had of Burton's coup d'état, was the finding themselves suddenly together hand-cuffed and handed into the omnibus in which they were driven away en route for Helena, Arkansas.

On the road to Lawrenceburg, where the boat was waiting, every effort was made to delay the omnibus, in the hope, it is supposed, of a rescue. John Huntington, the driver, states that the party offered him \$500 to drive slow. Some distance below the city, a toll gate keeper—an acquaintance of some of the Martha Washington men—was hailed, and followed the stage ten miles before he was able to get a message, which was shouted out to him to be brought back to his friends in the city.

The Gazette says: William Kissane and Capt. Cummings were about taking their morning bitters at the bar of the Walnut Street House, where they boarded, when Tom Higdon, the deputy sheriff, entered, and having informed them that he had had news to communicate to them, produced the warrant from the Governor. The rosy flush of excitement on the cheek of Kissane, was changed to a deadly pallor, and, very much disconcerted, he exclaimed: "My God, what can I do?—this is too bad." He was allowed to go up stairs, and bid his mother good bye, and change his clothing, and Capt. Cummings also went to his room to bid his wife good-bye, both no doubt supposing that they were not to be immediately removed. Some person having witnessed their arrest in the bar-room, walked out into the office, and there sat Holland, to whom he spoke, saying that Kissane was again in trouble. Holland, laughing, said: "Yes, a little; but Kissane," said he, "pitched into Robertshaw the day before, just as he had deserved," supposing he had reference to that affair. At the same time two or three officers were surrounding him, who had not told him that he was also to be arrested, until Higdon had come down with Cummings and Kissane, and, presenting the warrant arrested him too.

Kissane and Holland were ironed together—so was Cummings and one of the Chapins—and Earl and the other Chapin, placed in an omnibus, and driven down the river road in charge of officer Bruen, and guard, under the direction of S. C. Burton, the agent of the State of Arkansas.

Reuben Kissane, brother of William Kissane, left here yesterday morning on the mail boat which took on board his brother below the city.

By telegraph yesterday, we learn that Reuben, when the boat reached Lawrenceburg, telegraphed to parties in Madison and Louisville, to get together at one of these points and secure a rescue.

Private dispatches announced that the prisoners passed Madison without any interruption.

A great cattle-show is to be held at Springfield, O., during the present year, open to the world's competition. From six to eight thousand dollars are offered in premiums.—"Go in and win."

### Jefferson on Slavery.

There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manner of our people, produced by the existence of Slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it, for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion toward his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose rein to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised, tyranny cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who permitting one-half of the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the amor patriæ of the other.

For if a slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he was born to live and labor for another; in which he must look up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as he depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed I tremble for my Country when I reflect that God is just; that this justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, nature and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with us in such a contest.—[Notes on Virginia, p. 236.]

THE RED RIVER RAFT.—The last Congress appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of freeing Red River of the immense raft which has destroyed its usefulness for the last fifty years. Proposals for carrying out the intentions of Congress are in course of publication by the Washington papers. The Red River Raft, says the N. Y. Dutchman, is an American institution—a Niagara of white oak timber—such as the whole world might be challenged for a comparison. How long the raft has existed no one knows—probably for centuries. It keeps up its continuity as the Glaciers. What floats away in the summer is made up again in the freshets of November.

The raft is 102 miles long, the whole made up of logs, trees and flood-wood in all imaginable shapes and conditions. There is timber in roots, timber in branches, timber in its head, timber on its side, and on its knees—timber for planks, for boards, for spars, for firewood and for shillalah fights; timber of oak, timber of hemlock, timber of cedar, timber of chestnut and timber of locust. The river is covered with wood, filled in with wood, sided with and dammed with wood. We have already said that the raft is one hundred miles long. It is also in places a mile wide, while its depth fluctuates from five to fifteen feet deep.

People who have given the subject an attentive examination, estimate that there is fuel enough in the Red River raft to keep

the whole State of New York for a century! For twenty years Congress has been endeavoring to remove this monstrous obstruction, but with very little success. Since 1830, a dozen dredging machines and a score of tug boats, have only made an advance of some ten miles. From what has been done, we have come to the conclusion that very little will ever be done. The Red River Raft is a fixture—a matter to be removed with as much swearing and as many difficulties, as the taking down of our great cataraet. The appropriation made by Congress will amount to nothing. It would take two millions of dollars to make even a demonstration on this the largest piece of obstinacy that the enterprise of man has yet met with.

NELL GWYNN.—Nell Gwynn was, at her first setting out in the world, a plebeian of the lowest rank, and sold oranges at the playhouse. Some affirm that she was born in a night-cellar; certain it is that she rambled from tavern to tavern, entertaining the company with her songs. As early as the year 1667, she was admitted in the Theater Royal, and was mistress to Hart, to Lacy, and to Backhurst. She became eminent in her profession as an actress, and performed the most spirited parts with admirable address. The pert prattle of the orange wench by degrees refined into a wit, which pleased Charles the Second. She ingratiated herself into her sovereign's affections, in which she retained a place to the time of her death. Dryden was very partial to her, and greatly assisted her to rise at the theater; in return, when possessed of the power, she distinguished the poet by particular marks of gratitude. Many benevolent actions are recorded of her; and perhaps, she was the only one of the king's mistresses who was never guilty of any infidelity towards him. It is ludicrous, perhaps, but it is nevertheless true, that Madam Gwynn (for so she was latterly called) piqued herself upon her attachment to the church of England. She was low in stature and careless in her dress; but her pictures represent her as handsome. She died in 1687.

THE REMAINS OF PULASKI.—A report that the remains of Pulaski had been discovered, has caused a great controversy in Georgia. A letter from Col. James Lynch, of South Carolina, seems to settle the matter to the contrary. He states, and produces documents to prove, that his grand-father, who was surgeon in the army, extracted the bullet which gave Pulaski his death. The following paragraph, the facts of which are derived from the old surgeon, is highly interesting.

Although a desperate wound, my grand-father thought the Count could have recovered from it had he consented to remain under his care and follow the American army on a litter. Count Pulaski, however, resisted this proposal, because he feared a sortie and pursuit by the British army, and his consequent capture, in which event he believed that the British government would have sent him to Russia, a power with whom he was in deadly hostility, and whose persecutions had driven him from Poland an exile and martyr. Rather than this, he said he should prefer death, and take the chance of a cure in the French fleet, commanded by D'Estaing. Accordingly he was carried on shipboard, died on the passage round to Charleston, and his body was buried in the sea.

The Xenia Torchlight says: The location of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, has brought an immense amount of wealth into the county already, and is likely to bring still more within a short time. Real estate in and about Yellow Springs is now held at much higher prices than either in Xenia or Springfield, and there is a great deal of it selling.

Some time ago, a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarreling in the street. The broad-brimmed Friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the expression with an oath. "Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgettest thyself."